

Joan Katherine Webster

THE MOTHERS

I felt *Your* energy flowing through me —
myself, my daughter, her daughter, we three:
the holy *Mother*, the sap of the *Tree*,
the *One*, primordial, first *Trinity*.

Transparent, the new life
my old life reflected
shone back as new moon
through waning moon's shadow.
The mother made virgin again.

I sensed the circular time in *Her* play,
a play of consciousness flowing two-way,
I saw the beads of a great rosary
strung womb to womb throughout infinity

umbilical cord to umbilical cord far
back through the *Mothers*, far
on through the *Daughters*,
we three, everlasting, the core.

I felt the power of the *Mothers* through me —
myself, my daughter, her daughter, we three:
the holy life force, the snake round the *Tree*,
the *Apple*, the *Kore* and *Crone* mystery.

Immortal *Your* river
eternal *Your* wellspring
waxing and waning
and waxing, a tide flow
of changing forever the same.

